

Repeate's Dust Storm

Sometimes
People ask me,
"Aren't you tired
Of horse back riding?"
I guess they mean
The fresh smell of hay,
And the horses' strong neighs,
And the leathery smell of tack.

I guess they mean
Cantering,
And jumping,
And fancy dressage
Exercises.

"Tired?"

I can't help
Laughing like
A hyena, when
They ask me
That.

I stare at them...gaping
And I question, "How could
I be tired?
I'm in charge of horses."

Friend I wish you'd
been here for Chasing Day.
But since you weren't
I'll tell you
how Repeate bucked
You can call that
attitude
But I call that
Spirit.
He tosses
his head
and flails his legs
like a young mustang.
He would spin
like a merry-go-round
creating whirlwinds of dust.
He ran as fast as a train
in the pen.
He flailed his legs
and touched the sky.

Kira Scott

Marisa Pearce

My Favorite Celebration

Sometimes people ask me,
"Don't you get tired of all the Mexican food you eat?"
I guess they mean
The warm enchiladas,
The tasty burritos,
The cheesy chile relleños,
And the tamales
That melt in your mouth
Like a sugar cube.

Maybe they mean the Mexican music,
With the strong horn and acoustic guitar
Blasting as if there is no tomorrow,
Or the saint candles flickering
Like fireflies in a jar,
Or maybe even the loud rapid Spanish
Exploding like firecrackers
when the cashier tells the cooks what I ordered.

"Tired of Mexican food?"
I can't help but burst into laughter
When they ask me that.
I always look at them in awe
And say:
"How can I get tired of Spanish rice and guacamole?
Mexican food is
My Christmas all year long!"

Swells Day

By Duncan MacPhee

Sometimes people ask me, "Don't you ever get tired of the beach?" I guess they mean the warm yellow sand sliding beneath my feet, and oozing between my toes, the fun and messy sandcastle building, and the relentless sun beating down on my back. I guess they mean the crashing of the waves on shore, the screams of laughter as the children splash around in the sea, and the endless palaver of the seagulls conversations. "Tired of the beach?" I can't help but smile when they ask me that. I always look at them, shocked and say, "How could I be tired of the beach? I live in California. I think the beach is tired of me!"

Friend, I wish you'd been here for 15 foot Swells Day down at Beacons. But since you weren't, I'll tell you all about it. You can call them waves if you want. Me, I think swells has a better

sound. Well anyway, I went down to the beach with my surfboard tucked under my arm, and when I got there I saw the swells. They were huge and the water was warm. A perfect day for surfing. I leaped into the water with joy, and paddled out into the waves. You know how they come from far away, starting as little creases in the sea of blue, and ending up as huge walls of water towering above you. Watching one of those waves cave in over me was one of the scariest and amazing moments of my life. At a time like that, something goes kind of crazy inside you. You have to shout out and be carefree. You have to ride the waves until you collapse, and then some. And then, for the rest of your life, you think how lucky you were to be there. And to think, if I hadn't decided to go surfing that day, I would have missed it.